

THE
ANNOTATIONS
OF THE
Grub-street Society
ON

Mr. BOWMAN'S SERMON,

In a LETTER from *Parson ORTHODOX*
to Mother *BAVIUS*: *Rectify'd* and *divested*
of their *stupifying Flegm*, by a DISTILLA-
TION *Secundum Artem*, and then converted
into Rhyme.

To which is added,

THE
Sorrowful LAMENTATION
OF

Parson ORTHODOX.

Done into Metre, after the Manner of THOMAS
STERNHOLD.

By the AUTHOR of GENEVA: A Poem.

L O N D O N :

Printed for, and sold by T. WARNER, at the *Black-
Boy* in *Pater-Noster-Row*, and the Pamphlet-Shops in
London and *Westminster*. [Price Six-Pence.]

Nov. 8, 1915
Harvard University
Child Memorial Library



P R E F A C E.



*E*t it known to all Christian People, that in August, and September, 1731, certain *Weekly News-Papers*, entitled; *The Grub-street Journal*, were to be seen, in at least half a hundred Coffee-houses in London. In two of these Journals was publish'd, *A LETTER* from Parson Orthodox to Mother Bavius; containing several REMARKS; and in another Journal, *An ESSAY* containing MORE REMARKS, on "The Traditions of the Clergy destructive of Religion: A SERMON, preach'd at the Visitation held at Wakefield in Yorkshire, June 15, 1731, By WILLIAM BOWMAN, M. A. Vicar of Dewsbury."

While the Gentle Readers yawn'd, and stretch'd, and nodded over these Remarks; it is melancholly to reflect, what Pipes were broken, and what Perriwigs were sing'd! and yet, what Snuff was consumed in order to prevent such Disasters!

On hearing the Report of these Things, Curiosity excited me to examine the said Remarks. And I ceas'd to wonder at their Effects, when I found in 'em such an exceeding foul Spirit, or rather the Faints or Dregs of a Spirit, of an ill Taste, and abounding with a stupifying Flegm,

To prevent the farther ill Consequences of these Dregs, I thought it a Work of Charity, to rectify, cleanse, and divest 'em, if possible, of their evil Properties. For which Purpose, I added a considerable Quantity of Salt and proof Spirit; and with a brisk Fire, distilled 'em, Secundum Artem.

This Operation produc'd a Poetical Spirit, of which quantum sufficit being imbib'd in the Morning fasting, brought forth, that Paraphrase in Rhyme, of which so many hundred Copies have appeared in three WEEKLY REGISTERS. Now, who would think it? these very Remark-makers set up for Wags! They have cudgel'd their poor Brains for this Fortnight, in purpose to be excessively Arch upon the Word Paraphrase.

They say (in their Journal of Sept. 16.) that, "The Thanks of the Society are return'd to the Geneva Poet: Who, as he has given us a Paraphrase which is about half as long as the Thing paraphras'd, is desir'd to give us an Abridgment of it, which may be as long again."

'Tis in vain for me to fly for Refuge, to the common Acceptation of the Word in Poetical Performances; or to produce Instances of some Words, which are now made use of in a Sense a little different from their original Signification. But I must keep close to the strict Meaning. Well then! If Paraphrase properly signifies enlarging on the Sense of an Author, it must be allow'd that my Versification is properly, strictly, and truly a Paraphrase. For, Sense is an Ingredient so very sparingly made use of in the Composition of a Grub-street Journal, (and especially in those which I have versify'd,) that it's evident, there are ten Lines of Verse in my Paraphrase, to one Line of Sense in their Remarks. And if this is not enlarging on the Sense of an Author, I know not what enlarging means. Behold here the downfall of two promising Joaks! A short Paraphrase, and a long Abridgment! Both cut down at a Stroke, the Life of one depending on the other! But what shall we say?

All Joaks are as Grass! and the Conundrums of Grub-street as the Poppies of the Field!

But

P R E F A C E.

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But to leave these Joaks ; if they would have their three JOURNALS abridg'd ; it cannot be done more effectually, than in three WORDS of the REHEARSAL,

VILLAIN ! thou liest !

By this they may see, what I'll warrant ye, they never suspected; --- That I paid 'em a great Compliment, in allowing them one whole Line of Sense to every ten Verses in my Paraphrase.

Villain, thou liest ! -- Here's the very Quintessence of Grubstreet Rhetoric and Logic ! Calling Names, and giving the Lie ! -- Take a Specimen, extracted from their Polemical Remarks.

*“ A little Writer -- a Candidate for our Society -- Such
 “ noble and generous Spirits. -- This extraordinary Gentleman
 “ not worth my Notice -- Monsters -- wretched Scriblers ---
 “ Our Monster -- small Understanding -- This Creature ---
 “ Profligate Witling -- who has a mighty Mind to do Mis-
 “ chief -- wanting Sense and Honesty -- A Monster -- Sure
 “ there is but one Bowman in Yorkshire -- An empty impu-
 “ dent Novelist -- deserves the worst Appellations Language
 “ can furnish -- What Names can be too bad for him ? -- Tray-
 “ tors to God -- Little Insects -- Despicable odious Vermin --
 “ considerable for nothing but doing Mischief -- of so harden'd
 “ a Forehead -- a Self-conceited Apostate, steel'd with Obsti-
 “ nacy and Impudence, and Proof against all Conviction. ---
 “ The Author of the Rights, and the Independent Whig,
 “ are not quite so wicked -- Fool -- This absolute Ignoramus
 “ is the only knowing Person -- our Brother of Dewsbury --
 “ my Brother -- our Brother of Dewsbury --- my learned
 “ Brother -- my Brother -- our Brother -- wonderfully enlight-
 “ en'd modern Infidels -- The great Bowman ! -- Captious prag-
 “ matical Dunces -- this Disputer of Dewsbury -- Our Vicar
 “ -- one of Tindal's Creatures -- very wicked, ignorant, and
 “ impudent -- Wretch ! -- Idiot -- worthless Tool -- Rogue -- Fool
 “ *** Stuff -- wicked and pernicious, stupid and illiterate --
 “ Trash and Trumpery -- bitterest Gall and Venom -- the
 “ Flowers interspers'd up and down in this beautiful Com-
 “ position --*

“ position -- Usual Cant -- usual Cant -- everlasting Cant -- un-
 “ godly Crudities -- insipid Declamations -- stale Cant -- meer
 “ Cant -- this famous Work -- All be alledges, is false in
 “ Fact, or gratis dictum in Reason -- A Fardel of rambling
 “ Phrases, pick’d up here and there, and put together he
 “ knows not how. -- A Sermon against Religion -- this season-
 “ able Work -- good Arguments against Religion -- extream
 “ Ignorance -- sottish begging of the Question -- fresh Cant --
 “ very modest and mannerly -- ’Tis a malicious, stupid, im-
 “ pudent LYE -- All the World knows it to be a Lye -- a
 “ Rhapsody of Folly and Falshood -- unparallel’d Libel -- a
 “ fine Medley of Truth, Falshood, and Self-contradiction --
 “ Cant, dull spiteful Cant -- Nonsense -- Ignorance and Stu-
 “ pidity -- ridiculously false -- gross Falshoods and Blunders
 “ -- Villain Doctrine --- Ignorant Impudence, awkward,
 “ dull, unletter’d, Want of Sense -- Idiot Reasonings, and
 “ blundering Vein.”

*What Mortal is so hardy, as to affirm, that there is any
 Meaning in the Remarks, that may not be found in these
 Passages: Or any Sense in these, that is not contain’d in the
 short Sentence of the Rehearsal?*

*Who but Grubeans wou’d ever manage Metaphors, and
 Ironies at such a wild Rate? Who but they, wou’d in the
 same Piece, call an Author, an extraordinary Gentleman,
 and a profligate Witling? A Monster, a Traytor to God, and
 a noble generous Spirit? A Rogue, a Fool, an absolute Igno-
 ramus, and a learned Brother? The Great Bowman, and a
 little Writer, an empty impudent Novelist, a little despicable
 Insect, with a harden’d Forehead, steel’d with Obstinacy and
 Impudence, and Proof against all Conviction?*

*Who but they, would in one Breath, call the same Per-
 formance, wicked stupid Stuff, and a beautiful Composition,
 interspers’d with Flowers? A famous Work, and Trash and
 Trumpery? A seasonable Work, and a Sermon against Reli-
 gion? Everlasting, fresh, and stale Cant? -- Impudent, and
 yet modest and mannerly -- But I am weary and asham’d of
 these Things. I blush for the Authors, and wou’d charitably
 hope, if they are not incorrigible, that they may one Day
 come to blush for themselves.*

T H E



THE
ANNOTATIONS
OF THE
Grub-street Society

ON
Mr. BOWMAN'S SERMON,
In a LETTER to *Mother BAVIUS*.



EAR Goody! you have seen, no Doubt,
A Pamphlet with this Title to't:
" OLD WIVES, Traditions *to retain*,
" *Will of Religion be the bane*:
" A Sermon, at a Visita-
" tion *held in Yorkshire t'other Day*,
" By WILLIAM BOWMAN *preach'd*."--Now whether
The Bishop, (or Arch-bishop rather)
Or Deacon *Arch*, this Visit made,
Is no where in the Title said.

B

But

But be that as it will — Since all
 Penalties ecclesiastical,
 (Which, let me tell ye, this same BOWMAN
 Has richly merited — or no Man)
 Are out of Fashion — as some say
 They should be — at this Time of Day,
 And all Things else, which clog the Progress
 Of our *Free-thinkers*, who, have no Grace;
 And hinder Men from broaching Schism,
 And ev'ry Antichristianism :
 The only Way remaining yet,
 (Alas I speak it with Regret !)
 To persecute such Men as *Think*,
 Is to *bespatter* them with *Ink*.

Therefore as well as I am able,
 Like *High-church-man* uncharitable
 And furious, — Such a one d'ye see
 As I profess my self to be ;
 I'm *thus* resolv'd to persecute
 This *Vicar* — others may confute. —

But to be serious now, and grave as
 A Judge, — I'll tell ye *Mother BAVIUS* !
 Tho' thus I threaten, I protest
 That all the while, I'm but in jest :
 I don't design to write a *Farce* on
 This more than ordinary *Parson*,
 Who is, by no Means, worth my Notice,
 He such a Scandal to his Coat is.
 But what I would be at, is this,
 To give *one Instance*, of the *dis-*
tinguishing Genius of this Age,
 Which, maugre all good *Christian Rage*,

(11)

Is almost daily brought-to-Bed, of
Such Monsters, as you never read of.

Were such Things new they'd make one mad,
An Heart of Oak would break egad!
The Sight of *this* would give me Fits,
And scare me *quite* out of my Wits.
Such dire Effects, I heretofore
Have felt — But dread 'em now no more —
Yet how it is, I hardly know —
I find my self but just so so.

This dev'lish Libel in my Hand,
Has put me to a cursed Stand:
For, puzzled between Wrath and Scorn,
I'm at a Loss which Way to turn,
So wicked 'tis, and so pernicious,
It calls for Answer expeditious:
But then, so stupid and so dull,
Who answers, writes himself a Fool.
What shall I do now — Leave my Church
Poor Gentlewoman! in the lurch?
Forbid it Zeal! and let me pass
Humbly contented — for an Ass;
As my grave Brethren daily do. —
But let us now the Point pursue.

Monster appear! and all ye people,
View one that *sets at nought* the Steeple!
At publick *Visitation*, see!

A *Parson* dress'd up *Cap-a-pe*
In Guise right holy; and in *Box*
Most reverend and orthodox;
Spitting about the Church in troth,
As if he'd got a Quid in's Mouth:

And saying such Things of the Clergy,
 As would, to beat his Brains out urge ye.
 To wit : " That they to damn or save
 " Excomm'nicate, ride and enslave
 " Poor Laymen, just as they think fit,
 " Ne'er had divine Commission yet.
 " Nor have they ev'n a Right, he saith,
 " To Cook-up *Fricassees* of Faith.
 " — *Demetrius* and his *High Church* Rabble —
 " Priestcraft — Delusion profitable —
 " Despotic Airs — and Superstition" —
 Are Flowers, which in this Composition
 Most beautifully up and down
 Are interspers'd — t' insult the *Gown*.
 Then with a Sneer, you'll find him ever and
 Anon, repeating the Word *Reverend* :
 With more such Blasphemies most dreadful !
 Of which he seems to have his Head full.

A mighty Care he seems to take,
 Distinction evident to make
 Between himself, and Church and Cloth,
 In which he's wondrous kind to both.
 " A Church that THINKS HER SELF, quoth he,
 " So sweet and clean, that who but She !
 " A *Set of Parsons* — Such as Ox-
 " *ford* breeds — *true-blue*, and *Orthodox* —
 " But ah ! *et cætera* — Cou'd we see
 " THE CLERGY once so moderate be,
 " *Et cætera* — WE would not dispute,
 " *Et cætera* — Now I dare stand to't,
 " Our Church has Principles — and *so forth* —
 " So that t' oppose 'em, needs must shew forth

" IN

" IN HER KIND JUDGMENT, marks of Schism,
 " No better than *Erastianism*."

Two Parties therefore, here you see,
This Creature, and all such as he;
 (If any such there are, Dear *Mother*)
 On one Hand — and the *Church* on t'other.

With *Cant* his Preface he begins,
 Like one who glories in his Sins;
 Who has a mighty Mind to do
 Some Mischief — If but how he knew;
 Who hates to live just like a dumb Thing,
 And longs to be talk'd of for *something*:
 Tho' common Honesty and Sense,
 Are Things to which h' has no pretence;
 And 'twou'd b' a Wonder if he shou'd
 Be once talk'd of — for aught that's good.
 But rather than you should not stare
 At him — A Monster he'll appear.

Now, after venting such damn'd Stuff,
 For which no Death is bad enough,
 As void of Shame as is the Devil, he
 Complains of being us'd uncivilly;
 And that " *Some Brethren* discontented,
 " His Sermon had misrepresented."
 But Wit and Dulness I defy,
 And hair-brain'd Zeal and Villany,
 To make it worse than 'tis in Print.
 For if they can — the Devil's in't.

" *Some Reverend Brothers*, he says, blam'd it."
 Blood! — *every one* that heard it, damn'd it!
 I'll warrant ye look *Yorkshire* round,
 (*Yorkshire*, so worthily renown'd

For *Orthodoxy* and *Horse-stealing*,)
 Not *one*, to take his Part, is willing ;
 Not *one*, I say, for be it known t'ye,
 Two *BOWMANS* breathe not in that County.

He impudently does declare :
 What we can never grant nor bear :
 " That Truth is amiable and bright :
 " Bigottry horrible as Night :
 " And that, if pious *Oxford* bred ye, 'tis
 " A Sign your Noddle's full of Prejudice."
 Such is th' eternal canting Strain
 Of Upstarts empty, crude and vain.

He grumbles too, because we treat
 Him in the Stile of *Billinggate* :
 A Stile so proper to the *Cloth*,
 When once provok'd to godly Wrath.

No sooner such a Wretch as he
 Scrawls out a Libel, but, d'ye see ?
 Forthwith upon him we bestow
 The foulest Language we can throw ;
 And all too good — yet this he blames,
 And crys forsooth, 'tis calling Names.
 But did not TULLY (I would ask all
 The World) call CAT'LINE *Rogue* and *Rascal*,
 And twenty Names beside ? — yet no Man
 Takes TULLY for an ill-bred *Roman*.
 Then say, ye *Sons of Schism* ! why charge ye
 Rag-Manners thus upon the Clergy ?
 Poor CAT'LINE only was a *Traytor*,
 But BOWMAN's a *Tradition-bater*.

Now

Now let th' *Impartial* judge which worse is,
And merits most *Ill-Names* and *Curses*.

And yet he thinks "In Church-debate,
" That candidly t'expostulate,
" Is more becoming a good *Christian*
" Than calling *Heretick* and *Erastian*."

But who'd expostulate the Case
With such an *Insect's* brazen Face,
Who did not at the first *set out*,
In private with a modest *doubt*;
But *openly*, and for the nonce,
Defy'd the *Black-garb Tribe* at once?

Quoth he, "When language foul you throw so,
" It shews your Cause can be but so so:
" For, by your scolding thus and ranting
" We know that Arguments are wanting."

Of *Argument* from him, could I
The smallest Glimpse or Shadow spy,
I must acknowledge, then indeed
Of calling Names there'd be no Need.
He *says* that Things are so and so,
But that's no *Argument* you know
Which *he* has any *Right* to chuse;
Tho't's what the *Orthodox* may use.

The Preachment of such odious Vermin
I can't in Conscience call a *Sermon*:
For tho' he aims to take a damn'd Flight,
The *Thing's* no better than a *Pamphlet*.

To judge of him by this *Work* famous,
He hardly knows a *Man* from a *Mouse*;
Nor ev'n the Diff'rence (pray observe ye)
'Twixt *upside-down* and *topsy-turvy*.

And

And if I bring not Proof of this
I'll never more in *Grub-street* pifs.

Whate'er the Rascal speaks or writes,
Whatever he asserts, or cites,
Is nothing on the Earth but Lyes,
As great as Satan can devise.

But lo! a Judgment on the Wretch!
His Pulpit is become a Ditch!
See how he paddles in the Mud,
And cannot stir an Inch for's Blood!
Wriggles about, and to one's thinking,
Wou'd stick fast—were it not for sinking!

If this *Performance* is a Sample
Of what he calls a *Work more ample*,
Well may we, Goody BAVIUS, guess
That Work will prove a hopeful *Piece*.
What tho' he vapours, and looks big;
Th' Author of *Th' Independent Whig*,
And he who wrote *The Rights*, I fancy,
Have said as much as Mortals can say:
And therefore this pragmatic *Puppy*
Can do but little more than copy.

'Tis true,—*their* Writings are quite graceless,
Yet sure their Sins are in this Case, less
Than his — for he, without Compunction,
Dares to profane his holy Function.

And here it need not be repeated
How those *two Rogues* have been *Grub-streeted*:
For not to *rational Men* alone,
But even to Christians 'tis well known.

'Tis pompous, merry, grave and solemn
To hear this *Mister*—*What d'ye call him?*

Appeal

Appeal to any *Judge* of Writing,
 And talk of *Method* — *Thoughts* — *Inditing* —
 Yes faith! th' Employment must b' a wise one
 Such Trumpery to criticise on!
 Then why do I assume the Task?
 Why? — 'Tis Impertinence to ask!
Method — and *Thoughts*! — Why Blood! there's neither!
 He knows not what belongs to either!
 A Fardel of wild rambling Phrases,
 Pick'd up, hab nab from fifty Places,
 Which in the Works of those renown'd
 Authors aforesaid, he has found,
 And put together, God knows how,
 Is all that he has done, I vow.

“ How in the World this Work may fare,
 “ Says he, I neither know nor care.”

There breath'd the self-conceited Soul
 Of an Apostate and a Fool!

As void of Grace as common Sense,
 — But it is like his Impudence!
 And yet, he talks a World of Nonsense
 About his *Duty* and his *Conscience*;
 And says he values not a Fart
 Or *Pillory*, or the *Tail of Cart*;
 A sneering Dog! — full well he knows,
 Which Way the World at present goes.
 Time was, he durst not for his Ears,
 Have run his *Rig* thus on his Peers.
 And should we see such Times again,
 Faith we should spoil his merry Vein!

Thus far his *Preface* — I shall next,
 Observe his handling of the *Text*.

HE says, that all the holy Tricks
 And pious Frauds of Catholics,
Confessedly, were first set up
 To raise the Clergy Cock-a-hoop —
Confessedly? — a Blockhead! what
 For God's Sake can he mean by *that*?
That should b'apply'd to People who
 We're speaking *of*, not speaking *to*.
 Lo here! how, ev'n in Language common,
Extreamly ignorant is BOWMAN?
 Yet greater far his Ign'rance seems
 (There being *great* and *small* Extreams)
 In all he writes on — for the Sot
 Cou'd never understand *what's what*.
 But by his Gaping we may guess
 His Meaning, which no Doubt is this:
 " That *we* condemn the *Popish* Cheat,
 " And yet affect a Power as great."
 When 'tis all Men's (but his) Opinion,
 That *Church-men* covet not Dominion;
 But daily imitate our SAVIOUR
 In *modest, humble, meek* Behaviour.
 He *begs the Question* like a Brute,
 So I'll say nothing farther to't.
 When he affirms, in Manner odd,
 " Sufficient is the Word of God";
 Means he, that our Creator wou'd
 Speak *plainly*, to be *understood*?
 That he so gracious is, to *shew* t'ye
 What *is* and what *is not* your Duty?
 If Management like this is right,
 No Priest can get a *Living* by't,

But

But this *false Brother* too has taught ye,
 “ That some *Enthusiasts* rich and *haughty*,
 “ Have stil’d themselves, tho’ small their Worth,
 “ *Spiritual Princes of the Earth.*”

By these, ’tis evident, he means
 Their Reverend *Lordships* and *the Deans*.
 But I can tell him that I know
 None who *themselves* entitle so:
 ’Tis true such *Titles* they have got,
 Tho’ how they came by’m first — God wot!
 But *haughty* and *enthusiastick*,
 Are *Names* for which he merits a Stick.
 And *Nota bene* here, that *he*
 Finds *Names* to call, as well as *we*.

“ And do these pious Reverend Tories
 “ Marr God’s Commands, with OLD WIVES *Stories*?
 “ Why yes,” quoth he. And I reply,
 ’Tis a damn’d, stupid, bare-fac’d Lye!
 And I can prove, whene’er I please,
 He knows not what a *Story* is:
 But I have something else to do,
 Than all his Nonsense to pursue.

Now, notwithstanding what is past,
 He condescends to own, at last,
 “ That Preachers may be sent, forsooth!
 “ To propagate the Gospel Truth.”
 If so — I marvel with what Face he
 Can rail against *Episcopacy*:
 And how (I fain would be inform’d)
 Shall *Priest* with holy *Zeal* well warm’d,
 Keep Men from *Ills* that might betide ’em,
 Except they let him mount and ride ’em?

Says

Says he, " Our Clergy having read,
 " That laying Hands upon the Head
 " Was an old Apostolic Custom,
 " Wou'd fain persuade ye — if you'll trust 'em,
 " That they're a Sort of *Demi-Gods*
 " 'Twixt *whom* and *us* there's wond'rous Odds."

Why not? say I, — when *Ordination*
 You own's an *Apostolic* Fashion:

And *Apostolic* and *Divine*
 Some learned Clerks alike define.

That *Ceremony* therefore may —

Nay must, — *Divinity* convey.

He adds, " Now from this Institution,

" Our Clergy draw a fine Conclusion.

" *Id est*, Because in Days of Yore,

" The *Thing* was practis'd o'er and o'er,

" (Tho' no Command to keep it up,

" Was ever given) — if it shou'd drop ;

" The *Church*, of course, must tumble too :"

And pray Sir is not this all true?

Yes — Many *doughty Authors* prove it ;

But as for my Part — *I'm above it*.

Now, tho' he knows we cannot bear it, he

Puts us in mind of Christian Charity.

Meer Cant! provoking, dull and spitefull!

Sure Sign his Heart's of Malice quite full.

Thus *un-burnt Hereticks* devise

The Churches *Babes* to stigmatize.

" That Ordination was intended

" To hold out till the World was ended

" He cannot grant." And pray take Notice

For what Cause he denies that so 'tis.

" What-

" Whatever the *Good-men* of Old
 " Intended shou'd for ever hold,
 " Wou'd not have been with Ambiguity
 " Exprest, but th' utmost Perspicuity.
 " They'd not convey to us by Halves,
 " The best Receipts to make *Soul-Salves*.
 " Nor will a *Legislator* good
 " Give Laws that can't be *understood*;
 " And yet, if People disobey,
 " *Damn 'em for ever and for aye.*"

What stupid senseless *Cant* is here?
 Shou'd Laws divine be *plain* and *clear*,
 Because, forsooth! that God is good?
 Lord help the *Clergy*! if *they* shou'd!
 Yet more than this, he tells you here,
 " Not only *obvious*, *full*, and *clear*,
 " But INDISPUTABLE must be
 " The main Points of Christianity."
 Nay then,—if Gospel must be so,
 Farewell to all *Church-Raree-show*!
 Since nothing in these Times, alas!
 For *indisputable* can pass.

Notorious 'tis, that daily, one sees
 A Pack of such pragmatic Dunces,
 As wou'd *dispute* the very Sun
 Out of the Firmament at Noon,
 If he'd be rul'd by them—but it
 Is well the Sun has got more Wit.
 " *Dissenters* here, *Churches* beyond Seas,
 " And *Scotland's Kirk*, he fondly fancies,
 " Are Proofs that Ordination never
 " Was *clearly* 'njoin'd to last for ever."

" And

And might not I, to shew his Vanity,
Object the *like* against *Christianity*?
For ev'n in *England* many are,
Who think it not extremely *clear*,
That *One is Three*, and *Three but One*;
Tho' 'tis as obvious as the Sun.

He grants, " That when 'twas *instituted*,
" The *Thing* might well enough be suited
" To Circumstances." — But I query,
When did those Circumstances vary?

Dares he reply — *Episcopacy*
Has reign'd too long when Priests grow saucy?

Most ignorantly then he prates
Of *Church's* Power, and eke the *State's*.
For Answer — Let him read my *Brothers*
Sanderson, Bramhall, and some others.

He deems, that nothing's requisite
To make a *Man of God* compleat,
But *Piety* and *Learning*; which are
Sufficient to set up a Preacher:

Adding with a schismatic Scoff;

" Do *Ignorance* and *Sin* march off

" And take their shortest Way down Stairs,

" When'er the *Bishop's Cap* appears?"

No, I'll be sworn, Friend *Bowman* never;

For thou'rt as *sad a Dog*, as ever!

I might go on to *quote* (dear *Mother*!)

With here — *one Word* — and there — *another* —

And *Sentences* — without Connexion —

(For *Paragraphs* entire perplex one;)

But Faith, I think that here's enough
Of such confounded blund'ring Stuff!

And

And that it scarce can be a Query,
If even you your self are weary.

And now I'll ask ye — Speak your Conscience!
Have I not heap'd a load of Nonsense,
Damn'd Lyes, and Impudence uncommon,
Upon this Infidel WILL BOWMAN?
I'll say no more — but only add
Some *Verses* that will make him *mad*.

*No Power, thou sayst, is to the Clergy given,
To punish those who guide themselves to Heaven.
This ROGUE-Opinion, and the Holy Bible
Turn'd, by thy Commentaries — to a Libel,
Has in such Ferment put us, that not little
Has been th' Expence of holy Foam and Spittle.
Thou Dog! we cry, thou vile abandon'd Wretch!
What Hag of Lancashire did thee bewitch?
What Dev'l possessest thee rather — to wage Battle
So impiously against the Lord's Black-Cattle?
Thus we in Wrath --- But when we'd eas'd our Passion,
We found the Scrub not worth our Indignation.
And having vented Billingsgate in vain,
Our Foam and Spittle we lick'd up again.
For since we wanted Pow'r — to sacrifice him,
It was but priestly Prudence to despise him.*



MORE



M O R E
A N N O T A T I O N S
O N

Mr. BOWMAN'S SERMON:

Begining with the Charms of PHILLIS, and
ending with a new Way to pay my
Landlady: Printed in the *Grub-Journal*
of *August* 26, 1731.

Paraphras'd in Rhyme.

My Landlady sells Ale by the Town Walls,
And her *Nown Pigsnv*-GRUBBY me she calls.

REHEARSAL.

I.

A T *Temple-Bar*, and all around it,
No *Hawker* is like PHILLIS found yet:
A perfect *Mistress* of her Trade:
A crafty, pert, inveighling Jade:
Who makes an Axle of her Heel,
And whirls about like Fortune's Wheel.
Whether her *Name* renown'd so long,
In true *Grubean Doggrel* Song:

Or

Or Love, so liable to Blindness,
 Has brought *us* to a sneaking Kindness,
 I can't determine — But our *Club*
 Has chosen her to hawk *the GRUB*.
 Our Sale indeed will hardly do,
 And so she hawks for others too.

The *Toad* has got a pretty Way,
 (From *us* she stole it, I dare say:)
 She'll *blunder*, *criticise*, and *joak*,
Pervert and *Nick-name* every Book.
 So that at *Coffee-house* perhaps,
 She takes y'in half a Dozen Chaps;
 While those, who *Words* in order place ye,
 Sell not a Book — *exempli gratia*;
 And by the Dint of Nonsense sells,
 What ne'er had once been heard of else.

One rainy Day as I was sitting
 At *Grecian*, to avoid a *wetting*;
 Lo! *Hawkers*, two or three uncall'd
 Came in, and BOWMAN's Sermon bawl'd.
 The *Comp'ny* star'd just like so many —
 Stuck Pigs — but laid not out a Penny.
 Soon after, enters PHILLIS fair,
 And round, and round, with such an Air
 She turn'd, that Faith! with gaping at her
 My conscious Mouth began to water.
 Then chusing from among the Rest,
 A *Red-Coat*, him she thus address.
Hab, Captain! — *won't ye buy, t'oblige one,*
A Sermon preach'd against Religion?
 The Blunder took — the cunning Jade
 Had presently a roaring Trade.

But some old *Dons*, who knew much better,
Shook their grave Heads in Anger at her.
She saw it — and thus turn'd her Tale,
In order to continue Sale.

Against Religion, did I say?

God blefs your Honours — lack a-day!

The Sermon only is, in Troth,

Against th' Encroachments of the Cloth.

With that Sirs, one and all they cry'd,

The Case is chang'd, the Diff'rence wide!

Lord help 'em! when the *Thing's* the same,

And there's no Diff'rence, but in Name:

Howe'er, the Notion pleas'd the *Vermin*,

And each paid Six-pence for a *Sermon*.

Ev'n I, who knew as well as any

What Tricks she had, to turn the Penny;

Could not, at *that Time*, I confess,

My Curiosity suppress.

So having had, ere then, some dealing

With her — not proper for revealing;

I fun'd her up, to give me *Credit*,

And having got the *Sermon* — read it.

And now I think it is my Duty,

Dear PHILL! to shew my Gratitude t'ye,

In setting forth, as 'tis but reasonable,

The Merits of that *Sermon* seasonable.

Indeed I promis'd, *Goody BAVY*,

(For which I now must cry *Peccavi*;))

To go thro' *Stitch* — and at full Length

Reply, but Faith! 'tis past my Strength.

As for *Ill-names*, I think there's none

But what I've given him — stay! — yes — *one*

There

There is, that's worse than all the other —
 I quite forgot to call him BROTHER!
 (Good Lord! that I shou'd over-look
The Grub-street Journal's STANDING Joak!)
 Then Cash was low and Paper dear:
 And *these*, I think, good *Reasons* are,
Whence it may *wisely* be *inferred*,
 That I was *forc'd* to break my Word.
 In short to make Remarks a few
 On Part, is *all* my Stock can do.

II.

Two *General Heads* I'll mention here;
 And, *first*, 'tis plain I vow and swear,
 Our *Dewsb'ry* BROTHER has produc'd
 Reasons, as good as e'er were us'd
 Against the *Cloth*; and made it plain,
 That Sinners cannot Saints *ordain*;
 And that, tho' Bishops were *disbanding*,
 The *Church* might flourish notwithstanding.

Now to my *second Head* — but what
 That was, efaith! I've quite forgot —
 But never mind — we know the worst —

'Tis but returning to the *first*;
 Of which, by sub-dividing Art,
 I'll make a *first* and *second* Part.

FIRST, " Tho' 'tis own'd with Rev'rence due,
 " That *Christ* and his *Apostles* too
 " With *Hands impos'd*, and *formal* Words
 " Ordain'd Archbishops, ghostly Lords;
 " And that each Christian Soul believes
 " The first *Apostles* wore *Lawn-Sleeves*;

" Yet, those *Apostles* no where say
 " *Totidem verbis*, no not they,
 " That each succeeding Generation
 " Should always keep up that same *Fashion*.
 " And, had it been for our *Soul's* Profit,
 " No doubt but they'd have told us of it."

Thus BOWMAN argues, and thus I,
 To shew that he's an *Afs*, reply.
 Tho' *so* they said not, yet 'tis very
 True, that they said not the *contrary*.
 Nay there are many Reasons shrewd,
 Whence, what they meant we may conclude.

He'll say, perhaps, *what Nonsense this is !*

Must we depend upon shrewd Gueffes ?

What Briton would to Laws consent

Not made exprefs and evident ? —

Why, Sir, th' *Apostles* left behind them
Examples, and we ought to mind them.

For *Virtue*, *Custom*, *Form* and *Garment*,
 Alike for *Imitation* were meant.

Virtue, we know, they recommended,

And ten to one but they intended

To say as much for *Ordinations*,

And other *legendary Fashions* ;

Tho' how th' *Omission* came about

I swear I never cou'd find out.

Howe'er the Thing's of equal Moment

As long as *we believe* they so meant.

The SECOND Argument my BROTHER
 Brings, is no better than the other.

With *much Assurance*, " He denies here,

" That you'll more *holy* be, or *wiser*,

" Tho'

“ Tho’ to the *Bishop’s* Grace you truckle
 “ Till he your *Wig* puts out of buckle.”
 I fear my BROTHER need not go
 A Mile to find that *this* is so.
 Ha! ha! — there I’ve return’d his Jest on’t!
 Now let him go, and make the best on’t!

As for his genteel Ridicule
 Of *Imposition* — He’s a *Fool*,
 For he may laugh with equal Grace
 At *throwing Water* in your Face,
 And other *Ceremonies* pious
 Of which we keep so many by us.
 If he should thus reply — *No Matter*
So let it be — ’tis all the better.
 Why what, a-pox! can I say to’t? —
 I’ll not with such a Dog dispute!

III.

Yet since Ingratitude’s an Evil
 I hate, — ev’n as I hate the Devil,
 I must acknowledge here, that no Man
 Has done me so much Good as BOWMAN.

Many a Time, when I alone
 Have found my *Landlady* old JOANE,
 And try’d to sound her Inclination
 About a little Fornication;
 Still wou’d she cry — *Phoo!* — *what a Devil*
D’ye mean? — *Nay* — *Prithee now be civil!* —
You never my Consent shall win,
To such a bomination Sin.

A *Sin!* — Ay there the Business stuck,
 And so I bid farewell to Luck.
 But reading BOWMAN's Sermon over,
 Much Comfort did my Soul discover;
 For there has he with Reasons very many
 Demolish'd empty *Form* and *Ceremony*.
 These to my *Landlady* I shew'd,
 And thus my old *Amour* renew'd.
 You see, my *Dear*, its very plain
 That *Ceremonies* all are vain.
 And what is *Matrimony* pray?
 What is it else? *a-lack-a-day!*
 Quoth she, *I never thought of that,*
The Application's very pat.
 Thus both agreed, to Bed we went,
 I turn'd about, and — paid my Rent.





P O S T S C R I P T.

Sept. 22. 1731.

THE *Grubeans* have this Day publish'd *The Letter to Mother BAVIUS*, in a Pamphlet, entitled, 'GRUB-STREET *versus* BOWMAN, with Additions. These Additions equally deserve a Paraphrase with the other Remarks: But, as they lie scatter'd here and there in their Performance, it is now too late for the Printer to insert 'em in proper Places. However, since there is *one* of them, in Page 30, which may appear by it self, I shall here convert it into *Sternholdian* Metre.

The sorrowful Lamentation of Parson ORTHODOX.

O BOWMAN, BOWMAN! wicked Wight! *
 Thou grievest us full sore,
 To say that we have rais'd up Foes,
 By lusting after Power.

Alas! Nineteen in Twenty of
 Our Reverend Brethren dear,
 Are forc'd to set their Wits to work,
 To get good Ale and Beer!

What

* *Mortal.*

What Mammon have we hoarded up,
 What Lore * whereof to boast?
 How should we then be puff'd with Pride?
 Or seek to Rule the Roast?

How we such Enemies have gain'd,
 The Lord above doth know :
 But that the Fault is not in us,
 Full plain appears, I trow. †

What tho' among us, some have bent
 To wicked Rede ‡ an Ear ;
 And led their Lives as Sinners do,
 And snor'd in Elbow-Chair :

Shall heathen People say therefore,
 And eke || conclude therefrom :
 Go to, go to, the Parsons are
 Alike, both all and some.

No BOWMAN, this must never be,
 When, as I said at first,
 Nineteen in Twenty of the Cloth
 Are almost choak'd with Thirst!

Nay, take them in a Lump, and you
 Will find them for to be,
 The poorest Creatures on God's Earth
 To preach Divinity.

Yet

* Skill. † Believe. ‡ Counsel. || Also.

Yet this would not so grie-vi-ous
 Be unto them I wot, *
 But that beyond Sea, *Papishes*
 Much better Fare have got.

For why, they neither want for Drink,
 Nor do Tobacco lack :
 And whoso speakest them against,
 Strait goeth to the Rack.

And *Scotland's Presbyterian* Kirk,
 Doth over Lay-men Rule :
 And bringeth him who doth transgress
 Unto repenting Stool.

While we poor *Church of England* Babes
 Want Power, ah well-a-day!
 To give to *Hereticks* their Meed †
 At *Tyburn-tree*, I say.

Now is not this a woeful Case,
 A woeful Case indeed :
 Enough to melt a Rock, and make
 A Heart of Oak to bleed ?

The Lamentation being over, the rueful *Cushion-*
duster wipes his *Nyes* with his *Muckinder*, and presents
 you with an APPENDIX, in two Columns. In the
 first are placed several Passages taken from the
 Sermon; and opposite to them, in the second, stand
 several Quotations from *The Independent Whig*,
 and *The Rights of the Christian Church*. And what
 D do

* Know.

† Reward.

do you think is the Design of this industrious Collection? Is it only to prove what Mr. BOWMAN has ingenuously owned? *That he has interwoven some Thoughts of those Authors in his Sermon?* No certainly, for the Grubeans assure us, That their Opposition is not to the *Man*, but his *Principles*. BOWMAN, say they, *is by no means worth our Notice** -- *The Man is of no Consequence, but the Subject is of the greatest †:* To what Purpose then is this Appendix? Why it *proves that what Mr. BOWMAN has said is false; BECAUSE, others had said the same Things before.*

'Tis so familiar with the Grubeans to draw such Consequences, that Mr. BOWMAN did but just mention DEMETRIUS *and the Craftsmen*, when presently Mr. BAVIUS cry'd out, *This is foul Language ‡*, and doubtless for no other Reason than because those Words had been made use of *before*, in the *N. Testament*.

The Society have not thought fit to Re-print in their Pamphlet, *those Remarks on the Sermon which begin with the Charms of Phillis, and end with a new Way to pay my Landlady*. The Reason is obvious: That notable Performance is pretty deficient of foul Language, which gives me a shrew'd Suspicion that the *Parson* had no Hand in it.

The Conclusion of their Letter in the Journal, is alter'd in the Pamphlet; and the Verses are inserted in the latter Part of it, among some *Puns* in Rhyme, which they call *Epigrams*. But--see the shameful Negligence of Printers!--the following remarkable Passage, tho' writ with a true *Grub-street* Spirit, is entirely left out. -- "I have omitted several gross *Falshoods* and "*Blunders*, there being indeed scarce a Sentence without one. And now, Sir, have I not PROV'D this *Man* "to be very *Wicked, Ignorant* and *Impudent?*"

* *Grub. Letter*, p. 2. † *Ib.* p. 33. ‡ *Grub. Dedication*, p. 2.